DOCUMENT NAME/INFORMANT: FINE DAY #1
INFORMANT'S ADDRESS: SWEET GRASS RESERVE, SASK.
INTERVIEW LOCATION: SWEET GRASS RESERVE, SASK.
TRIBE/NATION: CREE
LANGUAGE: ENGLISH
DATE OF INTERVIEW: AUGUST 6, 1934
INTERVIEWER: DR. D.G. MANDELBAUM
INTERPRETER: SOLOMON BELANGER
TRANSCRIBER: JOANNE GREENWOOD
SOURCE: DR. D.G. MANDELBAUM
DEPT. OF ANTHROPOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY
TAPE NUMBER: IH-DM.40
DISK: TRANSCRIPT DISC 136
PAGES: 10
RESTRICTIONS: 1. THEY WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE ONLY TO GRADUATE STUDENTS WHO HAVE SECURED PERMISSION TO DO SO FROM THEIR FACULTY ADVISORS. OFFICERS OF THE LIBRARY OR OF THE CENTER WILL JUDGE AS TO A POTENTIAL USER'S QUALIFICATIONS. 2. THOSE WHO CONSULT THE NOTES SHOULD AGREE TO MAKE PROPER ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE USE OF THESE SOURCES IN ANY PUBLICATION. IT WOULD ALSO BE A COURTESY TO INFORM ME OF SUCH USE.

HIGHLIGHTS:

- Lists names of early chiefs and various bands.
- Describes horse stealing parties he was on.

This old man is the most distinguished on the three reserves and is probably the oldest. He has given eight Sundances and can recount more war deeds than any other living man. Some of his war record was painted on his tipi. He wore moccasins, old pants, patched several times at the knees, a blouse of woolen cloth, an old army cap. He has stringy graying braids.

When we first sat down to talk, he took out a long-stemmed stone pipe which is ornamented in red and white quillwork. He offered up the pipe saying, "Let manito help me to know and not to get mixed up. Put sense in my head."

He held the pipe up only and then with a clockwise swing passed the pipe to Solomon. With the pipe was a short ornamented stick a foot long, point at one and which he used to press down the tobacco in his pipe.

The very very first chief was called askiwas, "Earth
The first I can remember is wihkasko-kicein, "Sweet Grass Old Man." He was of the River people. But his mother had been captured from the Gros Ventre while pregnant with Sweet Grass. The man who captured her had a married sister who had just died. He took Sweet Grass's mother for a sister and gave her to his brother-in-law for a wife. This man who took her was not a chief but a Worthy Young Man.

Another great chief among the River people was piwa piskahkakiu "Iron Crow."

Under these two were many other chiefs of various people. They were of the mutimiwiyniwuk -- West people, there was kaskawoskawa-t, "Putting Out the Fire." Of the House people, maps-okic, "Bed Wetter." Atahkoko-p, "Star Blanket." Of the Stonies there were opihtigwahaua-pi-wiu, "Poundmaker," Piecukotecgau, "Thunder Horn."

When this man died, his son took his name and his chieftainship. His name had been imughkapimwat, "Shoots at Cree." Mayo-westigwauie -- Matted Hair.

These were of the nutimiopcatuk -- West Stonies. Other Assiniboine bands were, opimiskawiniwuk, "Puddling people," who lived in the East, manahtea-panuk -- Bow Makers, i.e. Going Out to Get a Bow. They lived toward the mountains and bush near Calgary.

Another of Sweet Grass's chiefs is Big Bear, mistahimaskwa, who was of the Prairie people. Any of these chiefs would be known as Sweet Grass's people.

The River people hunted between the North and South Saskatchewan west of Saskatoon and east as far as where the two fork at a place called nihtcaukihtciganis, "Raising a Garden." This is where the Indians first saw a garden. They went west as far as a place called "Where They Killed Five," near Lloydminster. They went north of the North Saskatchewan as far as the pine trees. In the old days they didn't go very far south but when the buffalo were disappearing, they followed them into the States.

The paskwa wiyinawuk were always to the south of the River people.

The Between people -- tastawe-wiyiniwuk were the same as the River people.

The wasahauwi-niwuk were north of the River people.

The West people, Bush people and Beaver Hills people were all the same.

The chiefs before Sweet Grass and Iron Crow were their
fathers(?) but he forgets their names.

In a big camp the manager and leaders would be the kihtcokiniciu -- Worthy Young Men. They would also be called ogihtcitau. In battle they would go first and the chiefs would follow. If they were killed then the chiefs had to step in. The chiefs and these Worthy Young Men would be called oi-cigwausuk, "Rattlers." When they were going to have a dance, the people would say that the Rattlers were going to have a dance. This was among the River and Prairie people.

Among the sakuwiyiniwuk, Bush people, there was another kind of tipi called tcimisbeame-gatcisuk, "Hair on Their Legs." Theirs was the Prairie Chicken Dance.

My father was a Worthy Young Man among the Rattlers.

In the spring, as soon as the snow goes, the two chiefs (Sweet Grass and Iron Crow?) would get together. They would be together all summer. At every waning moon they would hold a council. Then they would pick one man to be the leader of the camp, an old man powerful in his dreams. He was called opimiteiweihkeu, "Boss of Camp Moving." If any bad luck befell the camp during that moon, they would choose another leader.

In the meeting the ogihtcitau would do the talking and then ask the ukimau if it was all right. The chiefs would do all the deciding.

The deeds in battle were ranked in the following order: It was worth highest to club a man and take his scalp. This involved dodging his gunfire. Next highest was engaging in a hand to hand combat with an enemy and knifing him. Next was a person who does not take cover in a fusillade. Taking a horse that was tied to a tipi door (and so was valuable) was a high deed. Many young men tried to be ogihtcitau but were killed and many were wounded so that they could fight no more. All my partners are dead except for three who live at Box Elder, Montana.

(I asked him to count his coups)

Our God has seen where we have been doing wrong. But we take it to the Sundance tipi and tell our deeds and all the people hear.

The first time I went out was when I was very young. I heard that my brother was going away. I did not mean to do anything but follow my brother and went along with the war party. When we got close to the Blackfeet we can hear them and see them hunting. It is level all around so that we cannot hide. We stay there waiting for the night to come. The name of the leader was etci-punim, "Pointed Thigh."

We couldn't see anything, it was getting late. The leader started to sing about his dreams. We all were listening, I
sitting amongst the others. All at once a coyote yelled and scared me badly. When he stopped singing tcatewatciw gave a pipe to Pointed Thigh. As he handed the pipe over, he asked the leader what the coyote had said. Pointed Thigh answered, "You will have a very hard time. You had better go home."

One of the men, opinawewin, told my brother to take the boy, Fine Day, home. He replied, "No, I will not go back because those people are the ones I have come to look for." All the other men said that they were willing to go on. Again opinawewin told my brother to go home and the others would have good luck, but he said that he was going to stay.

Then they told me to go home. Finally I said, "No, when my brother goes back then I'll go with him." Then they started to plan about how to hide. They could not hide along the river for the Blackfeet might see them there.

Then tcatewatciw said to his brother Pointed Thigh, "Let us go home. This isn't the only raid that we will ever go on. This scabby-smoked boy will be in our way." He said, "All right," and they all went back. On the way home, I had a very hard time keeping up with the men. They walked night and day. I got very sleepy and often I was just about asleep when I'd wake with a start. We got home at last and I went on that trip for nothing. (This instance of a war party being disbanded because of the presence of a boy and a bad omen was not unusual. Any omen interpreted as evil by the leader might lead to the abandonment of a raid. If one of the members of the party was killed, the others started for home.)

From then on there were many fights. I would have gone but I was only a small boy and had nothing to shoot with. When I was a little older I started on another trip. Apistatim, "Small Horse," was the leader. We got to where the enemy was camped. I was very young and inexperienced but the leader chose me and two other fellows to go into the camp to steal horses. They were es-kieikawahkcapeu, "Day Bow," and kitowe-pai, "He Who Gasps."

The three of us went. It was a dark, cloudy night. There was no wind. When we were close to the tipis, the dogs started to chase us and bark at us. I dropped to the ground and saw the others running away. Three dogs came up, sniffed at me and ran on to follow my partners.

I thought, "The dogs woke them but I'll try anyway." I followed the dogs when they went back to the tipi and got there with them. I was very scared. (In recounting personal war exploits, the narrator frequently mentions the fact that he was frightened and terror-stricken.) I saw a horse tied to the door. It had a white face but I couldn't see its color for it was too dark. It was a very good horse -- the kind people keep tied up right next to the tipi. I went up and put a rawhide thong around its neck. It was tied to the door by its foot and I cut that leash with a knife. I kept watching the door all the time and hid behind the horse. I was a little way from
camp and yet I didn't run lest the dogs bark.

The men I had gone out with were back with the party when I returned. I brought the horse there and told them that the camp was dead asleep.

I waited there and the two started off again. It wasn't very long before they each brought back two horses. Two other men went off. Everyone went, each in their turn, until there were only two men who didn't have a horse to ride.

It was in spring and the morning was pretty close. We started running away. In the morning I saw that my horse was the very nicest of the bunch, a sorrel. The others said that all had taken the first horses they came to, and had not gone right to the centre of the camp as I did. But mine was in the poorest condition because he had been used to chase buffalo.

My horse played out and they left me behind about noon. It had been raining and they were sure that the enemy would follow the tracks in the mud. I didn't want to leave the horse so I dismounted and drove him along. I felt a choking in my throat. None of the party were my relatives to wait for me. (The ties of kinship were the strongest of societal forces. A relative would not have left Fine Day alone.) But I had a good rifle and lots of cartridges. When I reached one ridge, I would see the others on the next one far ahead.

Then my horse started to smell the tracks of the others and started to trot. He started to run. He was going faster and faster and I caught the neck thong to stop him. I had to snub the thong around his nose, he wanted to go so fast. I jumped on and he was all right again. He had gotten over his tiredness.

The last time I saw the others was on a ridge far away. Then I saw them again. I was closer already. They saw me and waited on a little hill. They said that they had waited for me on purpose but I knew that they were lying. They had seen me riding up. When I got home I gave that horse to my mother.

We'll start another one. I went with one called musta-hetak "Bare Earth," who was of the West people. This was in winter, in the Eagle Moon (February). I ran a lot because I went ahead scouting. We go two together, his name is Day Bow. We found them, the Sioux, where they were camping on the Peigan River. There was a big bluff and smoke came from it -- we knew they were there. Nearby were buffalo herds.

We went back to the party and started for the enemy camps at night. It was day when we came up. It was very warm. We waited for night.

Our leader said, "We'll go along the creek where it is thawing out and get closer to the camps." We did so. All at once we saw a rider coming up, and then a bunch of them. We threw ourselves to the ground. There were many Sioux chasing the
buffalo. They killed buffalo right close to where we were lying and came near our track.

We saw one coming from the camp on foot. We said, "We are all killed anyway, (i.e. we are bound to be discovered and killed) we may as well shoot this one." We couldn't dig any pits because the ground was frozen. There were two Worthy Young Men with us. The Sioux man missed us; he didn't see us. We chased him. He went over a hill. We headed him off. When we had been lying down we had put on our battle clothes ready to fight.

I outran the others, there were only two a little behind me. I stopped on a little hill and called, "Where are you going, my friend?" He made a noise and pulled up his gun. I shot him. He turned and sat down facing us. I ran up to him. He got up. He turned to me. I threw my gun away and drew my knife.

This was a knife that had belonged to a dead man and it was a very risky thing to use, especially for the first time. As soon as I grabbed this knife I was afraid. My heart was beating tum-tum. That's why I threw the gun away(?)

All my partners fell back but I ran at him and didn't stop. I knew he was waiting to shoot me in the face when I got close. I came up to him. He aimed right at me. I ducked and he missed. He was loading his gun again and I caught him by the hair. He was wounded in the hip and couldn't get up. I took his hair with an eagle feather stuck in it. He was not dead yet.

The other men came up and took what they could. When they were finished stripping him, he was hardly dead yet. We started off, there was not much of a place to hide in and we kept on. They didn't chase us right away. When they started after us we got to a place where there was shelter. One of our men was killed. There were no wounded. We got away from there.

When we got home with the scalps, the girls were dressed up and ready to dance. There was a row of girls facing a row of old men with drums who did the singing. I was placed in the centre and the girls danced around me, always looking at me. That showed that I had done something worth doing.

That was when I became a Worthy Young Man for I had used a dead man's knife. The two Worthy Young Men who had been on the trip had seen me do all these things and that's why I became one of them. I was very young then, about fifteen or sixteen.

The third time I went out was with a Soto, piwa-piskawa-sis -- Iron Child. We went to the Peigan who were in the United States close to the mountains. We went out with a big bunch of men. There was a large encampment of Peigan near a hill and on the other side of the hill there was a smaller encampment; another chief's band I think it was.
The leader sent me and his brother to see if the horses were tied up. Before we left they told us where they would wait for us. We found a big corral full of horses right in the centre of the tipis. We went back to the place appointed but there was nobody there. They had missed the place. My younger brother, who still is living, was in that party. I said to my partner, "Morning is coming, let us hide. They may steal some horses and when they are finished we will get horses [from them]." We went back in the hill to hide.

In the morning we watched one of the camps and didn't see a single horse. A rider came from one camp to the other and reported the loss of all the horses. We dodged around that hill all day to keep out of sight. We waited all day. The Peigans caught up to our party of Cree and there was a fight. Many horses were killed. Iron Child was shot through the thigh and penis but was not killed. The Peigan only got a few horses back and the Cree got away with all the rest, 150 head. After Iron Child was wounded he rode for two days. Then they found some poles and built a travois to carry him in.

The next night we went down to where they had taken the horses. There were some in the corral again. The Peigan thought that they had killed Iron Child and they were dancing. The dogs chased us and the Peigans shouted into the night, "Our brothers will shoot you down. They are watching close." The Soto I was with asked me if I could understand. I said yes and told him. They hadn't seen us but just yelled.

I told my partner that it was going to be pretty hard to get a horse but if we tried to walk home we would starve to death before we reached home. He said, "That's right." There was a big cloud coming, it was very windy and there was a heavy rain. They quit dancing and went into their tipis.

We went into the camp. I went by one tipi and noticed a little opening. I thought it was for a gun. I was afraid but went by. In the corral there were only twelve head and one little sucking colt. A grey horse was very nice-looking. There were also two pintos and a buckskin. My partner was waiting outside the camp circle. He saw me at the horses so he came along. They were tied up inside the corral. I cut two loose. He asked me for two -- I gave him a pinto and a blue. I opened the corral. As quick as I led the two out, the rest broke out and ran off down the wind. I hung on to those I had chosen.

My partner was behind me. I waited for him. We had signals arranged, two whistles -- a call and an answer. I wouldn't have found him if my horses hadn't called to the others. I saw someone coming, I whistled. He stopped but didn't answer. I whistled again. He gave the answer. We went off. The rest of the party were home two days ahead of us. The Peigan chief there was atcimusis, "Young Dog."

I gave the two horses to my sister. When we would come home from a raid like that our relatives would come out to greet us and kiss us. As each one came up we would give them a horse.
I went away on another trip with apistatin, "Little Dog." We went to the Kakahkiwahoa-muk, The Crow. We went along the Rockies (?) and got there after a long trip. I was very thin then because I did much running. I was alays scouting. That is all I did. The others cooked for me and sewed my moccasins. I was chosen to scout because I could do it well.

(Here I asked some questions. He resented the interruption of his narrative saying, "I am telling him about my life. When I am done I will explain what he wants to know.")

I found them just where their reserve now is. It was on the Good River where the last two forks come together to form the Big Muddy River (Missouri). The Mud House people (Mandan?) lived there also. I started back right away but my partner was played out. The next day we found our party and yelled that we had found some camps. The distance was three full nights. On the fourth night we came up to the camps. We found a good hiding place in the mountains and we decided to meet there. Some of the party waited there.

One man who just died last year, Fighting Bear, went scouting for horses with me. We were the first of the party to hit off. It was a moonlit night. They didn't leave the horses tied but there were men guarding them closely. On one side there was a lone tipi near a creek. We went there. Seven head of horses were there. At first we didn't take them because there weren't enough. But in the main camp there were many fires and men watching. We came back and took the seven horses. I took three and he took four. I took a good sorrel horse. He took a good black. There was one moose-colored gelding. The rest were poor-looking horses.

We ran off. We lost the place where we were supposed to await the others and beat it right off. The Crow were the hardest to steal horses from. They would give chase for four days and four nights to get the horses back.

Because it was a moonlit night the others couldn't get any horses. But when it was just about daylight, the [Crow] young men fell asleep and the Cree took the very best horses in the bunch. There weren't many but they were the very best. In the morning they were not yet out of the sight of the Crow.

INDEX
INDEX TERM                  IH NUMBER          DOC NAME  DISC #      PAGE #
-----------                  ---------          ---------  -------      -------
CALENDARS
 -names of the months      IH-DM.40          FINE DAY #1  136  6
HORSES
 -theft of                 IH-DM.40          FINE DAY #1  136  5-10
SOCIETIES
 -Worthy Men (Cree)        IH-DM.40          FINE DAY #1  136  3,7
WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL
 -accounts of              IH-DM.40          FINE DAY #1  136  4,5,8
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROPER NAME</th>
<th>IH NUMBER</th>
<th>DOC NAME</th>
<th>DISC #</th>
<th>PAGE #</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BIG BEAR</td>
<td>IH-DM.40</td>
<td>FINE DAY #1</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWEET GRASS</td>
<td>IH-DM.40</td>
<td>FINE DAY #1</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>2,3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>